



WALK in, Lady May, and many welcomes to your sweet ladyship! Lady May, allow me to present my children of ST. NICHOLAS!

Ah! your ladyship has had the pleasure of meeting them before? Then all is well.

And now, your ladyship, my friend Lucy E. Tilley shall tell you and the children a true story:

WHEN THE APPLE BLOSSOMS STIR.

THE buds in the tree's heart safely were folded away,
Awaiting in dreamy quiet the coming of May,

When one little bud roused gently and pondered awhile,—

"It's dark, and no one would see me," it said with a smile.

"If I before all the others could bloom first in May,
And so be the only blossom, if but for a day,

How the world would welcome my coming,—the first little flower,—

'T will surely be worth the trouble, if but for an hour."

Close to the light it crept softly, and waited till Spring,
With her magic fingers, the door wide open should fling.

Spring came, the bud slipped out softly and opened its eyes

To catch the first loving welcome; but saw with surprise,

That swift through the open doorway, lo, others had burst!

For thousands of little white blossoms had thought to be "First."

SOME time ago, a little Illinois girl named Rose, sent so strange a story of bird sagacity to this Pulpit, that the Little School-ma'am kindly wrote to the lady mentioned by Rose to inquire if the little girl had been rightly informed. In due time the

reply came, verifying the story in every particular, save that the lady "thought it was a Phoebe bird, but could not be sure."

So you shall hear it now, word for word:

A VERY KNOWING PHOEBE BIRD.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Having noticed many curious stories of animals and birds in your columns, I will now write and tell you what a little Phoebe bird did.

It built its nest on a ledge over the door of a house in this neighborhood. When the little birds were still quite small, the lady of the house was standing on the porch, and seeing one of them fall to the ground, she picked it up and put it back into the nest. A few days later she saw one of the little birds fall again; but this time it fell only about ten or eleven inches, where it stopped and hung in the air. The lady climbed up to the nest, and found that every one of the baby birds had a horse-hair tied around its leg and then fastened to the nest. Was this the mother bird's way of keeping them safe at home while she was gone?

I enjoy reading the ST. NICHOLAS very much, especially the "Pulpit" and "Letter-box."

Your interested reader,

ROSE R.

A WISE REPLY.

DEAR FRIEND JACK: I have lately been reading of an incident which, with your permission, I'd like to send to your crowd of hearers, many of whom, I dare say, are amateur photographers who practice with their own cameras and delight themselves and their friends with many a startling picture.

Well, sixty-four years ago, in 1825, M. Dumas, the French writer, was lecturing in the Theater of Sorbonne on chemistry. At the close of his lecture, a lady came up to him, and said: "M. Dumas, as a man of science, I have a question of no small moment to me to ask you. I am the wife of Daguerre, the painter. For some time he has let the idea seize upon him that he can fix the image of the camera. Do you think it possible? He is always at the thought; he can't sleep at night for it. I am afraid he is out of his mind. Do you, as a man of science, think it can ever be done, or is he mad?" "In the present state of knowledge," said Dumas, "it can not be done; but I can not say it will always remain impossible, nor set the man down as mad who seeks to do it."

Twelve years afterward, Daguerre worked out his idea, and soon became known far and wide as the discoverer of the daguerreotype process. To-day he stands alone as the father of modern photography.

Yours truly, JOEL S—.

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

PARÁ, BRAZIL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I would like to tell you about some tribes of South American Indians, of whom, until very lately, nothing, or almost nothing, has been known. These tribes live on the Xingu and Araguaya rivers, parts of which have only lately been explored, and consequently the discovery of these tribes is quite recent. The discovery was made by some German travelers, one of whom, Carl von Steinen, has written in German a very interesting book about it all. I wish you could see, as I have seen, the feather dresses and ornaments, arrows, and carved gourds of these strange Indians. Some of the tribes had never, of course, seen white men till these travelers came, and they were at first afraid and ran off into the woods, gaining confidence little by little. Unfortunately,

on one occasion, a gun accidentally went off, and the tribe, a few of whom were peering out, were never seen by their white friends again. These tribes seem to have no form of worship, not even hideous little images as some of the Amazonian Indians have. But they must have their superstitions, as one tribe (the tribes are small) believe that their souls change into aráras (birds of brilliant plumage) and the souls of black men into urubus, a sort of scavenger bird, black as a crow.

Some tribes were quite polite, offering the travelers food, *i. e.*, game and farina, but if they did not begin to eat very quickly the Indians would grab it all up themselves. The funeral rites of one of the tribes are quite strange. The men (the women are not allowed to assist) take the body to the woods and remove all the flesh. The bones are carefully put into a basket, and the skull is decorated with feathers and placed under a canopy of leaves. The leader, "medicine man," I suppose, gesticulates and wails before this skull, then begins a dance in which all join. Finally, with sharp pieces of stones all cut their arms, one by one, letting the blood drop on the skull. The sharp stones are afterward wrapped in leaves and given to the relatives of the deceased. The skull and bones are buried with solemn rites. When a member of this tribe dies everything belonging to him is burnt,—though little it must be,—sometimes to the disgust of certain near survivors. The men of one tribe have annual dances, in which the dresses represent fish, birds, and animals. They are kept in a hut devoted to the purpose. No woman is allowed to touch the dresses or to enter the hut; she would die, so is the belief, on the very moment.

Yours very truly,
ONE LITTLE GIRL'S MAMMA.

A HANGING MATTER.

CRESTON, IOWA.

DEAR JACK: Do bananas, when growing upon the tree, turn up or down?

In the stores, from the way the bunches are hung up, they look as if they grew down; but I have looked it up in several books, and all, with one exception, have pictures with the fruit turned up. Among the books were two encyclopædias and one physical geography. I never saw but one bunch of bananas growing, and that bunch turned down.

Now, I do not know whether the pictures are wrong, or the bunch I saw was an unusual one. My sister says she does not think any one who undertook to furnish illustrations for an important book would make such a mistake. Your devoted admirer,

AIMÉE LEQUEUX D—.

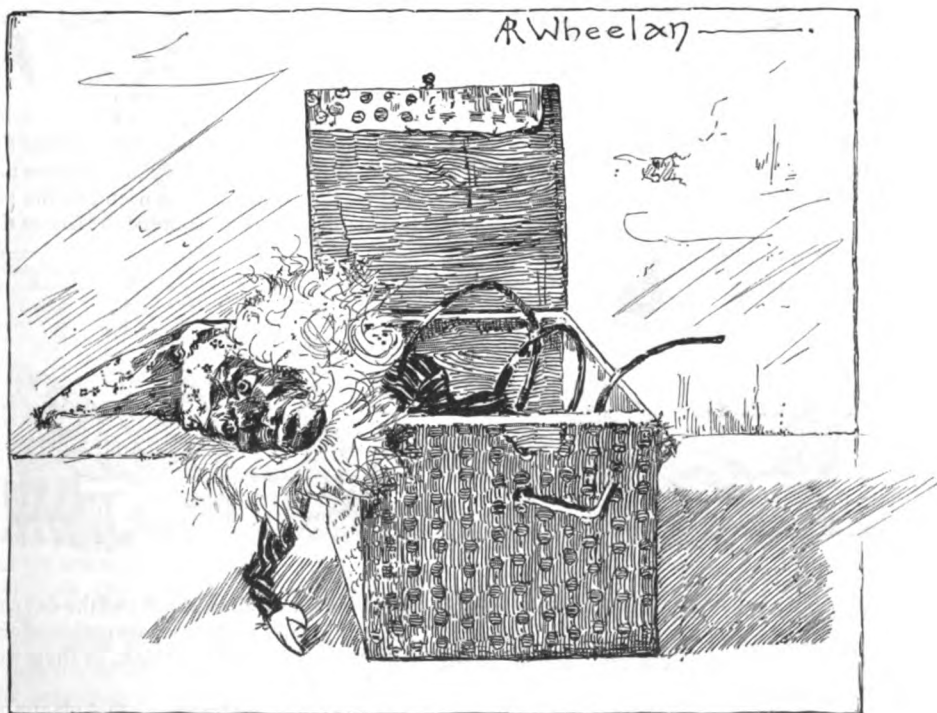
WHO KNOWS?

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Do you answer questions? If not, please ask some one to answer this one.

Prof. Starr told us, in February, about the "Rose in a Queer Place," and it must be very pretty, but I want to know how they keep the tanks from bursting when making the blocks of ice. I can not understand it.

Yours inquiringly, RUTH HERTZELL.

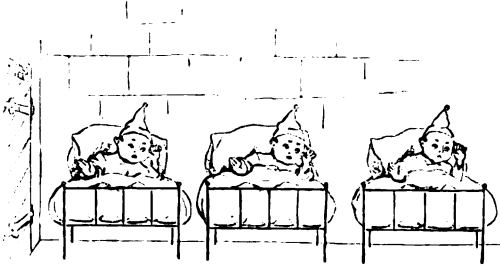
Who knows? There is no such thing as non-bustible ice, I believe. The boys in the Red Schoolhouse will have to think this matter over. Meantime Prof. Starr will be asked to reply to Ruth next month.



SPRING LASSITUDE.

THREE LITTLE ASTROLOGERS.

BY A. D. BLASHFIELD.



THREE little Astrologers who dwelt on a hill,
Where each lived at ease, ate and drank to his fill,
Were awakened one morn by a cry of distress
Which made them all start and most hurriedly
dress.



Soon wrapped in their hoods, down the hill,
through the snow,
They run to the rescue, all in a row,
And each one declared he'd not been so excited
Since the old black cat's tail from the candle ignited.



But hunt as they will and dig deep as they may,
They're about to relinquish the search in dismay,
When, once more!—that sad cry they'd heard
from their beds,
Seemed to come from a tree right over their heads!



Three little heads start, in a sudden surprise,
To a bare branch above turning three pairs of eyes;
There sits, with an air more pompous than craven,
Their slumber's disturber—a wicked old raven.



Then those three little men, in their three little rages,
Said words more becoming to teamsters than sages,
Till fat little John, a firm friend to the platter,
By catching the bird changed the face of the matter.



While the snow falls without and the day coldly ends,
Round a pie rich and savory are gathered our friends;
And they smile as they think, in their warm, cosy
haven,
How the tables are turned on that plague of a raven.



JINGLE. HOW JOHNNY-JUMP-UP TURNED INTO A PANSY.

BY JESSIE M. ANDERSON.

THERE was a little boy
Whom his mother did employ
In doing all the errands she could trump
up;
And she sent his feet so nimble
After scissors, spool, or thimble,
Till the neighbors always called him
Johnny-Jump-Up.

Now this Johnny,—little boy
Whom his mother did employ,
Saying, "Johnny-jump-up dear, and fetch
the tarts, please!"
Or, "Run, Johnny, to the spring,
And a pail of water bring,"
Don't you see he grew to be his mother's
Heart's-ease?

THE LETTER-BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sure you will be glad to hear how much good some of your plays are doing in the world.

Not long ago at the National Theater in this city several of these plays were performed by children and the proceeds given to charity. It was a bright afternoon, and the theater was filled. The audience included many well-known people, and in the boxes were some members of the Cabinet and foreign diplomats, including the Chinese minister,—who must have found the performance very different from those at home.

The curtain rose and showed "Mistress Mary" sprinkling her flower-beds, which immediately sent forth brilliant living flowers, who followed after the sweet little gardener.

There was much curiosity to see "Bobby Shaftoe," for that character was played by the son of Mrs. Burnett, the boy whose loving ways suggested the pure-hearted "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; and Mrs. Burnett herself had helped to drill the little fellow to play the difficult part.

Bobby Shaftoe courted one of the little village maidens, and looked so pretty in his long flaxen curls and wine-colored satin suit that she seemed very hard-hearted when she refused him. And, indeed, she herself repented it in the very next verse, after he had departed in despair. The little girl sang this part with a sweetness, clearness, and precision of voice which delighted the audience; and all sympathized with her grief expressed in the spinning-wheel song, and with her joy over his most unexpected (?) return in a sailor-suit even prettier than the wine-colored satin. The two little lovers sang a joyful duet, the peasants thronged in to congratulate, and all ended in a merry dance.

I have heard that the operetta "Bobby Shaftoe," alone, has been the means of earning more than \$10,000 for charity, and has been played at least once in each month since its publication in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1877.

Another ST. NICHOLAS favorite, "Mother Goose and her Family," came next, and the characters in this play also were represented by children of some of our most distinguished legislators and statesmen.

I was fortunate enough to attend some of the rehearsals, and was surprised to see the spirit and power Mrs. Burnett threw into the preparation of the play and the respectful love and tenderness shown her by her son.

Another play, "The Enchanted Princess, or Triumph of Ether," ended the performance. It was a decided success, delighting the large audience, and raising a large sum of money for excellent purposes.

G. B. B.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to describe to your readers something I made at home.

Take a piece of wood six and a half inches long and two inches wide, and cut five little slits at each end; then take a piece of wood one and three-quarter inches long and half an inch high. Buy two pieces of rubber; take one end of one piece of the rubber, pull it into one of the slits, and when you see that you have enough to stretch from one of the slits to the other, then cut it and fasten the other end in the opposite slit. Make and adjust four

more of these pieces, and then take the small piece of wood and put it in under the strings, and you have your harp, or guitar, or whatever you choose to call it. It can be tuned by making each string tighter or looser.

Yours truly, M. M. R—.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. I have never written to you before, though my mamma has taken you for my brothers and sisters before I was born, and ever since I was old enough to read I have looked forward eagerly to your arrival. I am frequently sick, and can not run and play very much. I have been very sick for the last three weeks, but I am getting better fast now. I have a very pretty little bird who sings a great deal. I play with paper dolls all the time. I got a ring on Christmas when I was sick in bed; I lost the stone out of it; I felt very bad about it, but Mamma found it again.

Your devoted reader, HELEN L—.

WEIMAR, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read you all the time. I am almost seven years old. I go to a German school and wear a leather apron, and carry my books in a knapsack on my back, like all the German boys. I can write and read German better than I can English. I was very much interested in the story of "The Golden Casque," because I have been to Scheveningen and have seen the peasant girls with their dog-carts. I liked the story about the Christmas play. We had a Christmas-tree of our own, and went to a German Christmas-tree, and we had two at school.

Your little friend, ALLEN M—.

GLENOLDEN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you how much we all like you; we have you bound and unbound. All the grown-up folks in our family read you and think you are the best magazine for children. You must hear about our little dog named "Rover," a brown and white spaniel. I throw him a ball, and he catches it in his mouth and throws it back. He had a cut foot once, and when we would say, "Rover has a sore foot," he would hold it up; but when it got well and we would say that, he would forget which foot it was, and would hold up the wrong one. I had a pony; he died in the fall; so I got a bicycle for Christmas. Hoping you will always come to our house, I remain,

Your little friend, ED. M. T—.

CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you, but I must write to you now, to tell you how much I like your stories, especially "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita." My little brother is delighted with the "Brownies," and is always looking forward to the next number.

I have been living in Switzerland for three years, and am now in Clifton.

The Swiss mountains are lovely, and I went to the top of a great many. My sister went out once with a friend and a guide. They came to a big precipice, so their guide had to tie them round their waists with a rope, and they were let slowly down the edge of the precipice from where they could continue.

I hope you will put these few lines in your "Letter-box." I remain,

Your great friend and admirer, S. N——.

MURRAY, IDAHO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from the *Cœur d'Alenes* in your book, but I hope to see this there. We live in a mining-camp, in Idaho, named Murray. It is built in a gulch. The mountain on one side is eight hundred and fourteen feet high; on the other it slopes back, in benches. Quite high up is the water-tank: it supplies the town with water. We have two hose-carts. My friend Jim Hemmons is Chief.

I have one brother older, and a sister younger, than I, named Vaughn and Mabel. I am ten years old.

Last summer Aunt Annie sent us ST. NICHOLAS. She sends it this year again. Is it not a fine Christmas present? I want to take it till I'm a man.

Last summer Dr. Littlefield brought in a little bear three weeks old; they fed it bread and milk, and we had fun with it; but it died in a few weeks—a big box fell on it.

The chief products of this country are huckleberries, mines, and bears!

We have "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and think it a fine book.

I go to school, and Sunday-school. I remain,
Your friend, CHASE K——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am thirteen years old, and live in New York. Ever since I can remember Mamma has taken the ST. NICHOLAS for me. I showed the February number to Papa to-day, as in the article on the "White Pasha" it says that Stanley served in our navy during the war, on board the U. S. iron-clad "Ticonderoga."

Now, Papa was an officer in our navy, and on board the Ticonderoga from the time she was built until the war ended; and although Papa has often told me stories about the war, he never told me anything about Stanley, which he would be likely to do, if they had served together in the same ship, because the whole world is now interested in everything pertaining to the famous explorer of the Dark Continent.

When I showed your "White Pasha" to Papa he said it was a mistake about Henry M. Stanley being promoted to Acting Ensign on board the Ticonderoga, as no officer of that name was appointed in our navy during the war; but it is possible that Stanley may have served as one of the sailors. He did not then do anything to attract attention to his name or to show any promise of the wonderful part he was to play in our century's history.

While lying at the Philadelphia navy-yard, in the fall of 1865, the Ticonderoga received orders to join Admiral Porter's squadron at Hampton Roads, which was getting ready to attack Fort Fisher. As the war had then been going on for four years, it was very difficult to get seamen for the navy, even more so than to get soldiers for the army.

The Ticonderoga, when she received her orders to go to sea, had only a few able-bodied seamen on board,—probably not more than one-tenth of her complement,—but as, a few days before, a draft of about two hundred

landsmen had been sent to the ship the captain decided to put to sea, for he was afraid he would miss the attack on Fort Fisher by waiting for more seamen.

The landsmen who had just been received on board were almost all Confederate prisoners who, being tired of our Northern prisons, took the oath of allegiance to the United States Government and enlisted in our navy, on the condition that they should not be sent ashore to serve in any of the land attacks against the Confederates, because, in case of recapture by their former comrades, they might suffer the unpleasant fate of being shot as deserters.

The Ticonderoga had a pleasant passage from Philadelphia to within sight of the Capes of the Chesapeake. In half an hour she would have been safely moored in Hampton Roads with the rest of the squadron when a furious snow-storm came on, and she was driven out to sea for three days in one of the worst storms that have ever been known on our coast, with a ship full of sea-sick landsmen. They were so sick that they could not even hoist the ashes out of the fire-room to keep the ship from sinking. Only by the heroic efforts and gallantry of the officers was the ship finally brought safely through the storm in which the "Re Galantuomo," one of the finest frigates in the Italian navy, foundered with all on board.

It was in this detachment of Confederate landsmen that Stanley must have served, if he served at all, on the Ticonderoga during our war, so Papa tells me.

My father's initials are W. W. M., and you can find all about the Ticonderoga's officers in the United States Navy Registers for 1864 and 1865, of which we have in our library all the copies bound.

I did not mean to make this letter so long, but I must tell you that I think "Sally's Valentine" too cute for anything.

Your fervent admirer,
ALICE B. M——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma took you two years before I was born, and I have read you, or had you read to me, ever since I was old enough to understand anything, so I love you very much. I remember when Mamma first read me "Behind the White Brick," I thought I had never read a nicer fairy story.

I have all the bound volumes since 1875 in my room.

I went to the theater for the first time a few weeks ago, to see my favorite story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," acted. It was perfectly lovely. I saw little Elsie Leslie, and I think she is wonderfully sweet and acts beautifully. I have five photographs of her and five of Tommy Russell.

I think Mrs. Burnett writes such lovely stories.

I have no brothers and sisters, but I have a few very pretty pets, one of which is a beautiful, intelligent Japanese pug, named Jap.

He has very bright eyes, beautiful soft white and black fur, and a long feathery tail that always curves upward.

He is so funny. Every time the bell rings for breakfast, if I am a little bit late, he goes tearing to the head of the stairs and barks, and then comes back and puts his paws on my lap, cocks his head on one side, and looks at me with his bright impertinent eyes.

If I take no notice, he begins barking and pulling my dress with his sharp little white teeth. When I come, he goes down stairs very slowly, turning his head at each step to see if I am following. When we get safely in at the dining-room door he is perfectly happy. He stands up on his hind legs and looks so coaxingly that we have to give him something.

I also have a large Irish setter, "Bruno," and as we live right near Gramercy Park I can take him there sometimes for a run. I have two canary birds, one of which is blind. He is very tame, and will sit on my finger and sing. Your constant reader,

ETHEL KISSAM.

FOR the benefit of our young readers who have a liking for mathematics we reprint from a recent number of "The Universal Tinker," the following item concerning

A CURIOUS NUMBER.

Here is something to scratch your head over. A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives all nines:

142,857 multiplied by 1 equals 142,857
 142,857 multiplied by 2 equals 285,714
 142,857 multiplied by 3 equals 428,571
 142,857 multiplied by 4 equals 571,428
 142,857 multiplied by 5 equals 714,285
 142,857 multiplied by 6 equals 857,142
 142,857 multiplied by 7 equals 999,999

Multiply 142,857 by 8 and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last, and you have 142,857, the original number, with figures exactly the same as at the start.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.

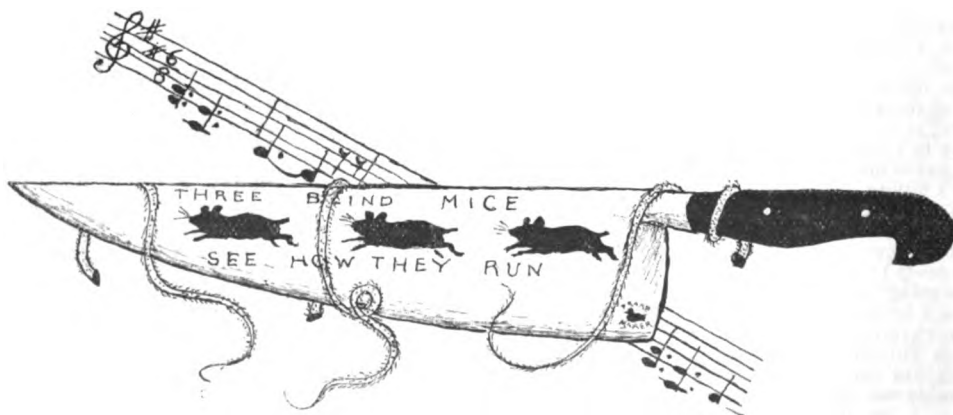
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might like to know of an interesting and very pretty experiment to try in the spring. Break off some twigs from apple-trees, or from any other tree that has pretty blossoms, and put them in water. You do not have to wait more than two or three days in the case of apple buds, before you begin to see signs of their opening. I have apple buds that I cut a little over two weeks ago, and I can already begin to see the pink of the blossoms. Horse-chestnut branches are interesting, for the leaves have a kind of woolly substance on them when they first come out. Warm water forces them out faster, I think. I have lilac branches that are out enough to see the flower-buds.

Ever your friend, ETHEL P—.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them:

Jessie C. Knight, Vivian, Frances Marion, H. F., Lucy P. W., Alice B. C., Hattie B. Thompson, Carl F. Hayden, Mary A. Lincoln, May Lyle, Frances Gibbon, A. D., Caroline E. Condit, Olive C. K. Bell, Norton, Fannie, and Edith T., Harold S. P., Amy W., May E. W., Maude J., Mabel B., May M., Emily M. W., Maud S. M., Amanda and Bertha, Ethel C., Julia E. R. M., Howard B., Walter G. K., Alice E. A., Lyman H. G., Arthur Williams, Mary, Catherine Cook, Alice P. W., Helen T., L. M. Gaskill, H. Ellis, Annie R. L., Amy E. D., Helen Parker, K. R., May S., Hope C., Dorothy R., Helen Blumenthal, Mary D. Sampson, Lida Schem, William S. B., Arthur E. Fairchild, Nannie La V., Alice Brayton, Charlotte E. B., H. A. S., L. B. V., Alice Y., Robbie M., Mamie C., Herman Holt, Jr., Harry O., Fay F., L. M. H., Frank T., Bessie D., Josie and Anna, A. Hooley, Harry Emerson, M. I. H., Arthur T. P., Dora, Alice, Charlie, Carrie K. T., R. Larcombe, E. K. S., Ruth M. M., Robert Bond, C. H. Ferran, Elsie B. M., Gertrude M. J., Ella S. M., Emma M. M., H. P. H., Charles H. L., Gundred S., Dora K. and Emily D., Bertha C. H., Nellie, Ruth Tuttle, Marshall Miller, Glenn M., Phillip C., Henry K. M., MacC. S., Sara G., Elizabeth T., "Penny," "Rollo II.," Ida G. S. F., Ivy C. S., Madge H., Robin H. W., L. A., Ellen W., Joel W., W. F. Morgan, Ross Proctor, Clara E. McM., J. W. Ferguson, Lawrence L., Jennie L. M., Grace S. O., Eleanor K. B., W. H., Lizzie S., Edith N., Helen R., A. C. Derby, Margaret R., Elizabeth E. B., Jennie S., May I. C., Charles C. Whitehead, Annie R. R., Annie P. F., Worthington H., Marguerite, Florie Cox, Alice M. G., Mamie G., Thos. McK., Charles G. M., M. M., Carrie C. F., R. and M. H., Emma I. G., Agnes J. A.

Lilian Bonnell, of Shanghai, China, sends a list of eighty-one characters found in the King's Move puzzle, printed in ST. NICHOLAS for January. The list arrived too late to be acknowledged in an earlier number.



THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

QUARTERED CIRCLES. From 1 to 4, lane; 5 to 8, gear; 9 to 12, lyre; 13 to 16, anon; 1 to 5, long; 5 to 9, gull; 9 to 13, Lima; 13 to 1, Abel; 2 to 6, abode; 6 to 10, entry; 10 to 14, yearn; 14 to 2, Norma; 3 to 7, Nevada; 7 to 11, abider; 11 to 15, Rialto; 15 to 3, Oberon; 4 to 8, elector; 8 to 12, reserve; 12 to 16, eastern; 16 to 4, naive.

PECULIAR ACROSTIC. Centrals, wrong. Cross-words: 1. sa-w-as. 2. fa-rap. 3. tw-o-ne. 4. ma-n-ap. 5. fi-g-un.

RIDDLE. Nothing.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Verse. 2. Emily. 3. Rigor. 4. Slope. 5. Eyes.

ZIGZAG. Washington's First Inauguration. Cross-words: 1. Wade. 2. mAlt. 3. vaSt. 4. dasH. 5. criB. 6. eNvy. 7. Gasp. 8. aTom. 9. drOp. 10. brAN. 11. hoSt. 12. aFar. 13. Iris. 14. iRon. 15. maSk. 16. lasT. 17. silm. 18. ENid. 19. Avon. 20. bUlK. 21. saGe. 22. PerU. 23. paRk. 24. dAte. 25. Tody. 26. mInk. 27. loOn. 28. wreN.

ANAGRAMS. Hawthorne. 2. Hermetically. 3. Absolutism. 4. Wardenship. 5. Thermometers. 6. Humanitarians. 7. Opinionativeness. 8. Revocableness. 9. Numeration. 10. Establishment.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—May L. Gerrish—Louise Ingham Adams—Aunt Kate, Mamma, and Jamie—A. L. W. L.—William H. Beers—Jo and I—"May and 79"—I. F. Gerrish and E. A. Daniell—"Mohawk Valley."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Edwin Murray, 1—Margaret G. Cassels, 1—Mary Prince, 1—"Training Dept.," 1—Madeline D., 1—Lawrence Hills, 1—Agnes J. Arrott, 1—L. and S. Egert, 1—Miriam V. Cooke, 1—Myrat, 1—"Uncle Tom," 1—J. B. Swann, 9—"Meantedly," 1—"Queen Vic," 1—Clover, 1—Ada E. Fischer, 1—M. S. A., 1—"Alicia," 1—Fay B. Miner, 1—Katie Van Zandt, 9—Antoine Schmidt, 2—Jennie, Mina, and Isabel, 10—L. Lavanda Stout, 1—L. C. H., 1—"Miss Ouri," 5—Carrie Holzman, 1—Elaine, 1—Eddie K. Talboys, 6—Alice Wilcox, 2—Lalor Burtzell, 1—Susie Deangelis, 1—Sidney Sommerfeld, 1—"Frolic and Mirth," 1—Astley A., 1—Clara O., 8—M. L. Robinson, 2—Maxie and Jackspar, 11—Lillie Waite, 1—Edith Allen, 8—Nettie Carstens, 1—Papa and Bessie, 11—Thomas I. Bergen, 1—No Name, Fulton, Ill., 4—Irma Boskowitz, 1—L. D. Lawrie, 1—Roxie's Chum, 3—"Shyler," 9—Emma and Clara, 1—Edith Norton, 1—Annie W. Jones, 3—Blanche and Fred, 11—Madcap, 2—Lillian A. Thorpe, 11—"Nodge," 5—Paul Reese, 13—Anna G. Pierce, 1—Nellie L. Fifield, 1—Papa and Elsie, 12—A. W. B., 6—E. E. Whitford, 3—"Infantry," 13—John and Bessie, 2—"Ivy Green," 3—Bella Myers, 1—Roxana H. Vivian, 9—"Peggy," 1—H. H. Trancine, 2—"Ramona," 3—Hattie Gage, 12—Ida C. Thallon, 11—Nellie L. Howes, 11—"Nig and Mig," 11—Annie, Susie, and Amey, 5—Mabel H. Chase, 11—Ems, 7—Mattie E. Beale, 10—"Wiloughby," 12—Judy, 9—A. Rutgers Livingston, 2—"M. M. Barstow and Co.," 11—Florence L., 9—"Tom, Dick, and Harrie," 13—P. and M. T., 8—Freddie Suto, 2—L. H. F. and "Mistie," 11—Paschal R. Smith, 1—H. P. H. and M. R. H., 2—"Pheer," 5.

A BOOK PUZZLE.



MOVE some of the books in the pile to the right, and others to the left, and the name of a popular story, first printed in ST. NICHOLAS, may be formed in a perpendicular line. In other words, by taking a letter from each title, not far from the center, the name of another story may be formed.

ANAGRAMS.

THE letters in each of the following sentences may be transposed so as to spell the name of a fruit.

1. Song era. 2. One law term. 3. In a center. 4. Mop, eager ant. 5. "T is a crop. 6. Plain peep. 7. Rich secr. 8. A speech. 9. Ere brass writ. 10. Brier scanner. "ALPHA ZETA."

WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. A feminine name. 2. A feminine name. 3. Unshaken courage. 4. An iron block upon which metals are hammered. 5. Parts of the body.
- II. 1. A scriptural name. 2. Spry. 3. Taunts. 4. Vigilant. 5. Musical terms.
- III. 1. A feminine name. 2. The pope's triple crown. 3. Detests. 4. To build. 5. Continues.
- IV. 1. A masculine name. 2. A feminine name. 3. To incline. 4. Understanding. 5. To enlist in.
- V. 1. In the latter age of Rome, a god of festive joy and mirth. 2. Oxygen in a condensed form. 3. A character in Shakespeare's play of "A Winter's Tale." 4. Not set. 5. Places on a seat.

O. A. CO.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name a holiday; my finals, a poem or song heard on this day.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Stripped of feathers. 2. To mount and enter by means of ladders. 3. Inclined to anger. 4. The name of a town in Sardinia, on a river of the same name. 5. The answer of a defendant in matter of fact to a plaintiff's surrejoinder. 6. A repetition of words at the beginning of sentences. 7. A kind of velvet. 8. A mountain peak of the Bolivian Andes. 9. Sacred musical composition. 10. The act of swimming. 11. A musical term meaning "pathetic." 12. One of the small planets whose orbits are situated between those of Mars and Jupiter. 13. A companion.

CYRIL DEANE.

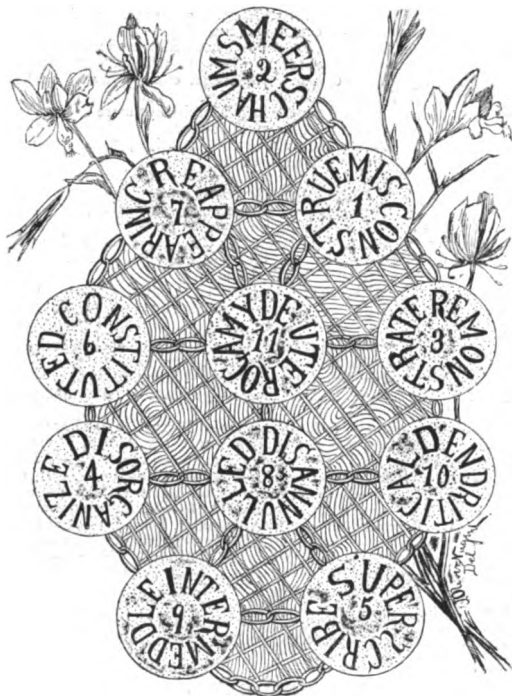
WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

EXAMPLE: An insect in a poem. Answer, C-an-t-o.

1. A fish in an old-fashioned bonnet.
2. A dog's name in a wise saying.
3. Rocks in promises.
4. An Autumn flower in a horse's foot.
5. A game in a coach.
6. A river in distress.
7. One of the United States in given up.
8. Something singular in a sea-fowl.
9. A bitter herb in a liquid food.
10. A grain in market values.
11. An animal in a distribution of prizes.
12. Belonging to us in the banker's exchange in Paris.

B.

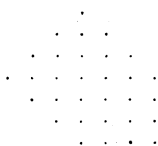
DOUBLE DIAGONALS.



DIVIDE each of the eleven letter-circles in such a way that the letters, in the order in which they now stand, will form a word. When these words are ranged one below the other, in the order in which they are numbered, the diagonals, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell a certain day in May; the diagonals, beginning at the upper right-hand corner, will spell what the slaves were, at the close of the civil war.

"ANN O. TATOR."

A PENTAGON.



1. In sailor.
2. A sailor.
3. Implied.
4. Concise in style.
5. A small water-course.
6. Covered with pieces of baked clay.
7. To resign.

F. S. F.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. SKILLFUL in using the hand.
2. The surname of an English spy.
3. Dating from one's birth.
4. A sweet crystalline substance obtained from certain vegetable products.
5. A tract or region of the earth.
6. Disposition.
7. A word which rhymes with the last word described.
8. One who spends his time in inaction.
9. Scandinavian legends handed down among the Norsemen and kindred people.
10. A Roman emperor.
11. An empress of Constantinople.
12. To vary in some degree.
13. Out of the ordinary course.
14. The surname of a President of the United States.
15. A French

savant who introduced tobacco into France. 16. An evil spirit. 17. A lighted coal, smoldering amid ashes. 18. A foreign coin which is worth less than one dollar. 19. That at which one aims. 20. A fixed point of time, from which succeeding years are numbered. 21. A running knot, which binds the closer the more it is drawn.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of an author who was born on the second day of April, 1805.

"LOU C. LEE."

CHARADE.

My *first* we all do every day,
In some or other fashion;
My *next* the first step on the way
That leads to heights Parnassian.
My *third* the smallest thing created:
My *whole* with deadly danger freighted.

K. N. F.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eighty letters, and am a quotation from one of George Eliot's works.

My 44-10-63-26 is one of the United States. My 40-76-22-4-51-55 is a country of Europe. My 46-73-14-60-35-70-48 is a quack medicine. My 42-65-32-24-1-80 is somnolent. My 29-56-9 is a creeping vine. My 19-59-17-67 is a mouthful. My 20-28-69-61 is to discern. My 43-15-50-11 is unfaithful. My 53-27-8-38 is an old unused ship. My 21-25-6-13-75 is to search blindly for. My 62-2-77-71-79 is a joint of the arm. My 58-37-33-47 is a fleet. My 30-66-41-12-34 was considered in early history the northernmost part of the habitable world. My 16-72-3-68-5-78-52-18 is a small dagger. My 74-57-23-54-31-45 is a tropical fruit; my 64-39-36-49-7 is also a tropical fruit.

"LOU. C. LEE."

PI.

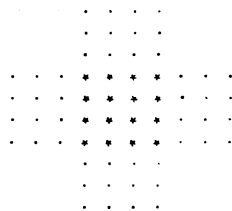
Hout slupe fo yjo, sewho broth stabe meit
Rof siecadi flide, rof slimsbongo prays!
Ot cande fo flea dan nogis dribs chemi
Tes lal teh ropes fo file ot hyrem.
Grin in the yam!

DIAMOND.

1. In cambric.
2. To decay.
3. The projecting angle in fortification.
4. A small quantity.
5. Implied.
6. A hard shell inclosing a kernel.
7. In cambric.

"ANTHONY GUPTIL."

EASY GREEK CROSS.



- I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A crustaceous fish. 2. To revolve. 3. A wood used for perfumes. 4. Puffed.
- II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A point like that on a fish-hook. 2. A plant that yields indigo. 3. To stir up. 4. Kindled.
- III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Inflated. 2. Good will. 3. Always.
4. A verb.
- IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To Stiffen. 2. Black. 3. A way.
4. Concludes.
- V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A verb. 2. Uniform. 3. To sever. 4. Ceases.

M. A. R. AND H. A. R.

SYNCOBATONS.

1. SYNCOBATE a lamentation, and leave to establish.
2. Synccopate a thin turf, and leave an American author.
3. Synccopate a feminine name, and leave a sticky substance.
4. Synccopate a duet, and leave to perform.
5. Synccopate to reside, and leave a metallic vein.
6. Synccopate to praise, and leave a boy.
7. Synccopate a conceited fellow, and leave an animal.
8. Synccopate an ache, and leave a useful little article.
9. Synccopate dull, and leave firm.
10. Synccopate a Scottish lord, and leave a substance used in cooking.
11. Synccopate an animal, and leave to ponder.
12. Synccopate a sharp spear, and leave a delicate fabric.

The synccopated letters will spell the name of an imposing ceremony.

"RAMONA."